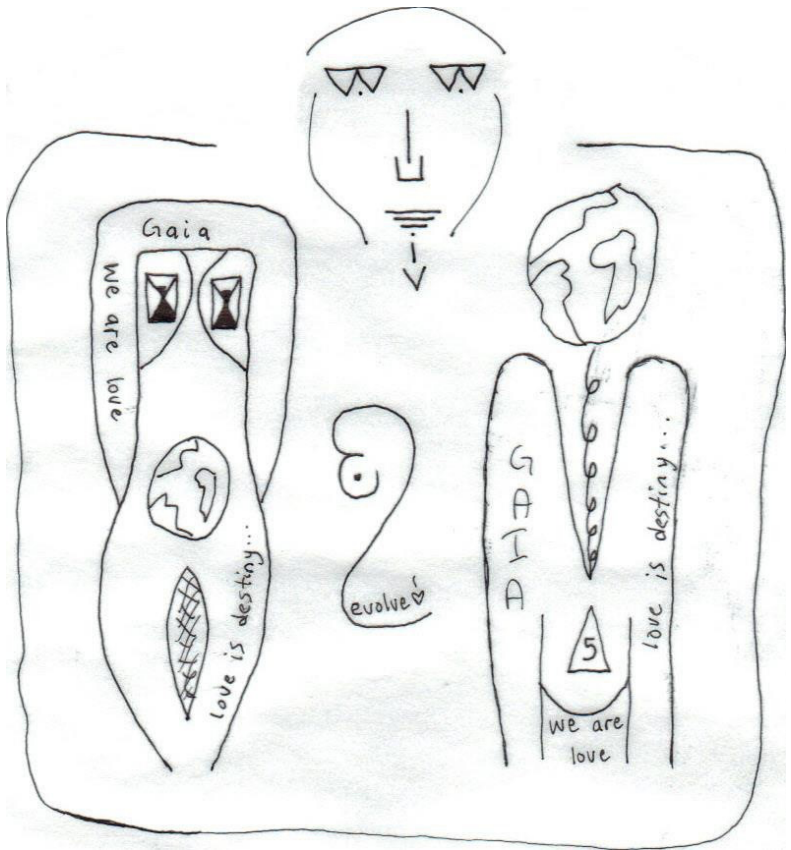


VERA'S VERDICT



Vera's Verdict



Truth is my Compass,
& Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth
only births havoc within the self.*

ZISA AZIZA

NEGRESS OF SATURN'S DEEDS

NegressOfSaturn.com

TRUTHS89.COM

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***Mishandle my spells,
and within you,
that which dwells will
repel and impel in every
parallel.***

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and creative preservation.

My Dear:

When warned,
consider yourself served.

Mycelial Arbitration

As long as the bees pollinate,
light cannot abate;

When love initiates,
truth emancipates.

Of the Marrow

I don't fetch water,
I catch rain;

I don't fret pain
because I was born to reign.

Oath Reaper

The antigen can't be reformatted;
Coherence will always be targeted.

I keep my enemies close,
and made a chickenhead my
incubator.

Front row seat ticket turned that
snake into an elevator operator.

As I drag bureaucratic sadists into
the light, *remember*:

Pied Piper is a chaperone
amidst the night.

Yo, Cosmic Headquarters

I thought we should review the eternal contract because I feel the heat getting hot.

I would like to confirm that we are in agreement regarding wherever the evolutionary yellow brick road leads, I gotta be able to motorboat some titties with honey dripping from between my lips.

This is my nonnegotiable.

Dimensional Diagnostic

A light bulb without a filament
is an irritant to the sentient.

We aren't running the same firmware;
The parasite is refractory
to light repair.

Severe hope from delusion;
Transcend matter with divine fusion.

Empirical Non-Speculative Capativity

How do we differentiate the systematized violence of structurally incentivized iatrogenic genocide from the impregnation of a raped 10-year-old girl whose abortion was contested by the state?

Per chattel slavery, if a human being's existence is denied its legal acknowledgment of inalienable rights, why would consent be requisite?

Structural inhumanity is permissible when the status of a citizen has been revoked by mechanisms that have been deemed profitable for state-sanctioned disposability:

▲ **The Prison-Industrial Complex**

▲ **The Medical-Industrial Complex**

▲ **The Psychiatric-Carceral System (often overlapping with housing & benefits policy)**

▲ **The Nonprofit-Industrial Complex**

▲ **The Foster Care System (aka State-Sanctioned Family Dissolution)**

▲ **The Elder Care System (often predatory warehousing)**

Legal humanity is prescribed revocation when the identity correlates to the following criterion:

▲ **Poverty**

▲ **Diagnosis**

- ▲ **Obesity**
- ▲ **Age**
- ▲ **Racialization**
- ▲ **Institutionalization (foster care, prison, psych)**
- ▲ **Sexual deviance or trauma pathologized**
- ▲ **Substance Use**
- ▲ **Gender nonconformity**

As a primary case study, I speak from the first-person when I describe the triangulation of the medical-industrial complex, the non-profit-industrial complex, and the psychiatric-carceral system.

Between August 2024 and August 2025, I experienced the coordinated collusion of neglect and abandonment from Community League of the Heights, Concord Management of New York, and Services for the Underserved.

In August of 2024, the building manager, **Rocio Frias**, had a contract worker in my apartment with two men literally slapping glue on the floor without removing the old tiles. After I articulated my objection, the necessary work was later completed. In that same month, the Program Director, **Sharoya Assent**, LMSW, who had ghosted me from January until July, never reached out to me regarding a one-to-one meeting, as per the administered social service contract.

But when I did not chase her, she began to demand that I grant her access to my bodily autonomy, against my consent, to satisfy her notion of administrative work. When I reiterated the repetition of my boundaries, which corresponded to what she informed me as mandatory, it was only an annual apartment

inspection. However, this program director, Sharoya Assent, LMSW, insisted on filing documentation and progress notes after I explicitly revoked consent. She also threatened me by implying that my housing was predicated on my monthly interaction with the employees of Services for the Underserved.

As of June 2025, after being chemically harassed by a neighbor, **Julio C.**, over a long-standing period, this neighbor upgraded from using 311 noise complaints to harass me by escalating to spraying an unknown substance that I can only say smelled like ammonia in front of my door. I, who has dormant asthma, I, a single female living alone, advocated and reached out to the three previously stated entities: Community League of the Heights, Concord Management of

Newark, and Services for the Underserved.

Between January and June, I had my 311 complaints and emails either ignored, my concerns deflected, or I was given the ultimatum of either engaging with the staff of Services for the Underserved, or I could literally figure out how not to die on my own. Upon going to the emergency room at NYP Weill Cornell a second time on June 6th, the first time being June 4th, I had a strangely disorienting experience. After requesting specific blood tests to be drawn, my white blood cells were at 50, the normal level is 0-5; and my creatinine was at 305, the normal level is under 195.

When I refuted the notion that I had a urinary tract infection and declined the offer of IV antibiotics, I was then sequestered against my

consent, and without my clear understanding as to what justified a two-week psychiatric hold. Apparently, “psychosis” is a catch-all billing code. I was then prescribed Zyprexa of 2.5 mg and Klonopin 0.5 mg. When discharged from NYP’s Westchester psych facility, I, who had an inpatient Neurology Consultation and an MRI completed, was not given an outpatient medical appointment. I only received an outpatient psychiatric appointment, despite having a psychologist whom I connected the NYP social worker to, and with whom I corresponded while held against my will during those two weeks.

It appears that the most coherent summation of the institutional objective of trafficking my body into the psych carceral hold was to have me be chemically re-

incarcerated. I say this because while I was held in the **NYP Weill Cornell ER** psych hold room, I observed that the people who were being discharged, who looked unequivocally, psychiatrically unwell, shared one singular thing in common: they had outpatient appointments that would facilitate their continued chemical incarceration.

And although I canceled the appointment to the Athena Clinic verbally, when they called me hours after I was discharged on June 20th to reschedule, unbeknownst to me, a social worker at the Farrell Clinic whom I had never met, Julia Blum issued a mobile crisis team visit that occurred on three consecutive days, from June 26th to June 28th, including before 11 a.m. on a Saturday.

Today is December 24th, and what I can articulate with a sober mind and clear cognition is that NYP has refused, over a period of 5 months, to issue my discharge papers from the Farrell Clinic. Services for the Underserved has, in addition to Housing Preservation and Development, refused to acknowledge my grievance complaint, which was submitted on June 2nd, June 26th, and August 20th.

HPD Case Managers **Robert Schwartz** and **Ebony Williams** actively sought to administratively engineer my subsidy revocation after I submitted my grievance complaint on June 2nd. I, a tenant of 12 years, have never experienced such paper sorcery. Concurrently, Concord Management of NY's Manager of Compliance, Nefta Sterling, seemed adamant about

treating me as an illegitimate child with no legal rights or cognitive abilities.

After ignoring my emails for a period of 2 months, Nefta sought to outright deny me any further communication unless her staff had physical access to me. I then invited the building owner, Community League of the Heights' Program Coordinator, **Bianca Lopez**, into the conversation. At which point Bianca played the farce of a mediator role. I eventually had my lease renewal occur, but only after **Nefta Sterling** provided me with a backdated lease that expired in June of 2025, when we were corresponding in August. Despite my lack of a lease for 53 days, as a result of my emails being ignored after every requested document was submitted, this was hyperunusual and illogical, or illegal behavior.

And then thirdly, after being informed on August 27th that **Gail Wolsk**, LMSW, a Senior Director at the DOHMH, would be overseeing my grievance complaint, the next contact I received from S:US staff was a taunt of a November 17th email sent by a peer specialist stating that S:US was informed by DOHMH that I was considering relocation.

However, I've never had any correspondence with DOHMH. I did, however, receive a fraudulent abatement letter on October 25th that is dated October 22nd, which references a failed annual inspection that occurred on July 18th. Categorically speaking, I have received no prior paperwork from HPD that would substantiate the legitimacy of this abatement; nor has the rent been unpaid by HPD.

Therefore, it is most cogent to surmise that all of these agencies and institutions have nullified my humanity as legally void. Why else would they poison me with prescriptions while kidnapping my body on Medicaid billing, observe my chemical harassment, ignore my revocation of consent, and ignore my grievance complaint?

The triangulation of the Medical-industrial Complex, the Non-Profit-Industrial Complex, and the Psychiatric-Carceral System is seemingly able to disregard my self-advocacy because my humanity does not correspond to their jurisdiction of legibility.

This is not a policy discussion.

We are Maroon.

No further compromise.

The water is tainted.

The air is noxious.

There is no reason

to debate at their tables.

Starve the parasite.

The system is the parasite.

People heal people.

**Credentials enable
psychopaths.**

Reindeer Chatter

Ida Bell Wells went to Europe to snatch on the fugitive bastards of the Roman Empire who were unruly cannibals and rapists. But she chose to focus her advocacy on lynching.

I am **Zisa Oyeama Aziza**, born in Gotham City, made my vow in Oz, and am telling you folks that the psychiatric carceral industry is an institutionalized assault against spiritual sovereignty.

It is the modern form of the Spanish Inquisition: no more smallpox-laden blankets, just polypharmacy prescriptions as metabolic soft weapons that simultaneously succeed at chemical castration.

We are under siege.

I understand that your conditioning has compromised your critical cognition. However, this is not a Cold War. It is bureaucratic, billable, legally permissible, and does not self-correct when evidence supports the ethical proposition to acquit.

My great-grandmother survived **eight years** in an asylum. I survived **seven years** of chemical incarceration. I need you to understand that we are at war:

Food, media, drugs, inflation, taxes, and medical malfeasance.

We are at war.

We are at war.

No shots fired,
but the death is ambient.

We are at War.

Diagnosing Parallels within Systemic Disposability

While residing as a scholar at **Boys Hope Girls Hope** in Long Island, New York, in 2005, a *volunteer* named **Cristen Cuomo**, who was clearly grooming me with very inappropriate touch that would invariably fit the textbook definition of molesting, I was suddenly suspended indefinitely by *Program Director* **Jane Baxter**.

Although I was a rising senior at the Academy of St. Joseph, who had been under the care of **Boys Hope Girls Hope** for two years with a single year remaining until graduation, which was the whole premise of housing “at-risk youth,” it was seemingly strange that upon returning, which was a battle for life, **Cristen Cuomo** was no longer volunteering at the residence.

As trauma would uncover these mirrored interstices of systemic unaccountability, in the year 2024, I experienced another version of female boundary violation from a *Program Director* named **Sharoya Assent**, LMSW. When I self-advocated as a resident in supportive housing, after she threatened me, the leadership team at Services for the Underserved chose to disregard my email in August of 2024.

I have since submitted a grievance complaint three times to **Housing Preservation and Development**, as well as to **Services for the Underserved**, between June and August of 2025. Instead of my complaint being acknowledged, addressed, and resolved, I received a fraudulent abatement letter in the mail that appears to have been orchestrated by **Gail Wolsk**, a *Senior Director* at

the Department of Health and Mental Hygiene.

What is so despicably haunting about these experiences is that at age 16 and at age 36, my bodily autonomy has been the repeated site of transgression by women who are insulated by other women who covet their institutional predation with coordinated protection.

I deplore these entities.

Faithful: XXXVI

I'm peeling oranges,
but my mission mate
gon' be knockin' heads.

I'm the jester bait,
serving fresh juice
as I summon fate.

Merry Me

If you see me banging
my drum under a tree,

I'm calling the baddies
into formation:

**Kali,
Lilith,
Shakti,
Pele,
Yemaya**

**Come gas me.
I'm casting fire.**

*My tongue is the wand,
and my blood is bond.*

Payroll Don' Fuck'd These Hoes Up

**My mother was many things,
but that bitch breastfed me.**

A lot of these entities who collect these colonial degrees mask their intrinsic neurological deficits that can't no fucking debt-based credential-scam fill the gaps in a root canal soul.

Broadcasting:

**Negresses in every Diaspora on
Earth,**

If you hate yourself and use the white man's tools to adorn a socially engineered persona of worthiness, without remedying the root cause, do you think putrefaction will ensue?

**Proximity violence is a contagion that
breeds within institutional**

domination, where the asymmetry of power enables you uncouth cunts to fucking act amok.

**I wear a gold cross on my chest,
but I'm not toting Christ; I am
of the blood.**

Keep fucking with me!

**One day you gonna cough,
and it gon' taste like mud.**

Dr. Aziza has rendered
your spiritual prognosis
as insufferable and terminal.

*Just put the muzzle
on your possession.*

Walk ya ass into the night.
You can't win this fight.

I promise you.

Stand ya 2-dollar ass down,
before I levy **10 bands**.

Psychic Tick: 04

Idolatry and **Bullying**
are psychic fungi that
originate from the same
petri dish of inverted soul decay.

WLW: We of Maturation

I speak from the Soma:

How do two witches ride-out through their perimenopausal phase? This a topic thread I ain't read. My grandma slept with a bible by her head. I sleep with a floss stick, castor oil, and a BPA-free liter of reverse osmosis-purified water with Celtic salt.

The cold sweats feel like a thermoregulation assault for which I have no recourse but nudity and a shower. The cost of laundry is intimidating. I have been a nun with a preserved womb for a plethora of moon cycles. But if I were to share my sheets with a divine specimen, we may have a pheromonal incursion.

I am merely seeking camaraderie amidst this transition into my **Crone Era**. My silver strands came in during my first Saturn Return, rather early; not above my eyebrows, though. Perhaps lunacy is uncensored sovereignty.

Settler Bonds

❖ When performance becomes synonymous with presence, sincerity is holy.

❖ When love is contractual, sovereignty is denied its fertility.

❖ When truth is inconvenient, the soul withers.

Decolonial Semantics

Before: Missionaries coated our tongues with a fictitious god and sowed self-hatred in our blood.

Science is an ontological dialect that is too legible for corruption, which is why it is the beloved tool of the imperialist.

Now: Education is the vector of indoctrination that disseminates cultures of depravity as social eugenics.

*Professionalism is the civility of sadism;
procedural barbarity is
organizational efficiency.*

Break the Trance

- ▼ Return your skin to its soul.
- ▼ Remember your heart's coherence.
- ▼ Regenerate your adherence to divinity.

Last Quarter Queries: 2025

When I lay my soft, healthy body horizontally across a green linen-covered loveseat in my multicolored apartment, I begin to wonder why a civilization that is comprised of the hominid species who are born with a singular guarantee of mortal expiration, are systemically baited and manipulated into the most destructive and self-debilitating forms of fear that is oriented around the singular guarantee of being incarnated into a carbon-based vessel, which is certified cyclical death that is requisite because flesh cannot live forever. Even 500-year-old trees eventually die.

I don't understand that. Additionally, I find religion to be the executive programmatic code of language which imposes a reductive tax, by truncating the expansion of our experiential existence into a perpetual mortification of a boogiemán that can't no one see but for whom every religion has a spokesperson.

I primarily attribute this confusion to my mother, who while in my therapy session, told me she didn't want a faggot for a daughter and chose her crack-addicted, molesting boyfriend over me. And thereby, at age 14, I became homeless. But she also had four abortions before me, before the age of 22. *I don't understand* these Bible-toting people. Because what is more sinful than using abortion as birth control four times when all of your molars haven't even grown into your mouth?

Was she a donor crusader of fetal matter for Planned Parenthood?

Margaret Sanger would be so proud of my mother's contributions to the cause of feminism and eugenics. But, then my mother was also a proponent of pedophilia, right? But then she called me a deviant, sex-obsessed adolescent. I, who hadn't had a first kiss until I was weeks away from enrolling at Smith College.

I was made homeless three years before authenticating my "bisexuality." And I assure you, the kiss was the most anticlimactic experience of my life. I regret it still, twenty years later. But you know, these are the things that *I don't understand* about this species.

Strangely, my mother was also a devout follower of Bishop **T.D Jakes**. I would pay a dreamwalker to tell me what she thinks about **Sean Combs** and Mr. Jakes puffing on some man's third leg.

Risk Aversion in Rigged Monopoly

When the debt traffickers of corporate instruments sue to enforce a state of legalized indentured status and garnish your wages or apply a lien to your property, would transferring all deeds and titles to an **LLC** or **Irrevocable Trust** be more affordable?

HPA Axis Dysregulation

When I perceive a destabilization in the barometric pressure, I simultaneously sense an antagonist of my bloodline.

Due to my Cosmic Contract, I invariably elect to egress because I needn't self-deploy, for my target is the **Red Queen's Nest**.

Histamine Intolerance

**Arrogance bears the
fragrance of mildew.**

When in proximity, my mast cells
react aggressively to expel the
dissonance. Although I may look
anxious, I am pained to witness
the tactile fragmentation of
another's psyche while I succumb
to the poor air quality
I must share.

Womb Council

From **168 Brabant Street**
to **12 Alade Street**,
and **Lake Merritt**
to the **Hudson River**,
my **blood** does not quiver,
for **Sophia** will deliver.

Queer Quantum Quagmire

Dorothy, you were a
reverent capacitor.

My love for your essence will
be eternally combustible.

Tinkerbell:

We're in **Wonderland**—
let's get to work.

God is **fit** to land.

Proximity Surveillance

If they say they **bred** us,
you don't think they **hunt** us?

↳ You a good **Nigga** until
your posture is too erect.

↳ You a good **Nigga** until
your health is radiant.

↳ You a good **Nigga** until
your time is sovereign.

You don't feel the leash because
you're the elephant who doesn't
part from the stump where its leg
was tethered.

You a mammy and probably laying
with a blood hunter, but he treats
you better than the Stud who has
an epigenetic hatred for the womb
of invariable incest.

**AGAPE MuthaPhukka;
on Chuwku.**

Intrusive Ideation: 012

As structural sadism becomes increasingly catabolic, while the train tracks of late capitalism melt amidst the hyper-novelty that engineers social collapse, how will the assembly line of bureaucratic sociopaths feed their perversion for soul predation?

**“Precision is
pathologized as
paranoia because
the personified
systemic parasite
despises the clarity
of embodied light.”**

Currency Evaluation

Truth **trumps** Fear
because a *century*
on Earth is a penny
in the Infinite Multiverse.

Murder Knocked

Per my pledge, I understood the rift in my post.

Sonya Massey, they thought they could catch me. But **I am one of none**. They knocked on my door minutes too close to midnight, on a Saturday before Christmas.

We know people like us very easily make visits to the morgue, and no one knows our name. If you can't prove a pattern, but you see its ripple, they call you mad.

But if something were hunting you, would you require consensus reality to affirm? We don't all have the same metals; you don't know your bloodline— that is not incidental.

*Scavengers crown themselves
archaeologists and become
philanthropists who bleed death
with fundraisers and champagne
banquets.*

**I have hollered with elegance
and electronic evidence, and
silence has been the residual
indifference.**

I am not reformed, purely refined
in my attunement to the virulence
of this dimension.

Solstice Surge

From the ashes, I rise:

When the omen outlives the
curse, fuck a pearl, your heart is a
snatched purse.

Prognostic intelligence must be
assessed and integrated through
somatic literacy.

In this simulation of soul
incarceration, I have been a
shadow mapper, testing the
integral dissonance of the entropic
containment field.

As a forward observer, with
existential clarity, I report that the
fragility of our psychic entrapment
is thinner than bamboo rolling
paper.

Incident Log:

NYPD Harassment

Date: 12/20/25; Saturday

Time: 10:46 PM

Location: Dorothy McGowan
Residence

Description of Interaction:

- I hear a knock at the door around 10:46 PM.
- I looked through the peephole and saw two NYPD officers, seemingly hiding from the peephole.
- I did not open the door. I said, "How can I help you?" through the door.
- A white officer responded: "We got a call about a noise complaint."

- I replied: “It’s Saturday — it’s not quiet hours.”
- The officer then said: “Someone reported banging and throwing things out the window.”
- I responded: “You may have the wrong unit. These doors don’t have apartment numbers on them — maybe there was a mix-up.”
- The officer then stated: “No, we were given your unit number.”
- I responded: “Well, that didn’t happen here.”
- I then said: “Can you please document this as harassment?”
- No further response was given. The officers left.

This incident is documented for future reference and legal continuity.

Inviolable Covenant

I have a virgin heart because
love is a sacred art;

Until I can court divinity,
prayer will be my consort.

Ah, I Understand:

Drapetomania was the clinical diagnosis for fugitivity when the enslaved Melanite sought refuge with God's guidance.

White women were diagnosed as **Hysterical**, when they objected to patriarchal dehumanization.

And now, when the soul is responding to psychological colonization, it is diagnosed as **Manic-Depressive** or **Bipolar Disorder**. The irony is that the details are in the language.

The Greek etymology of the word **mania** alludes to ecstatic divine communion. While **hysteria** implies intense emotion that is ungovernable.

Equivocally, it's a state of being that is resistant to the containment of the imperial archonic forces that have infested this temporal highway we call Earth over the last 2000+ years of history.

We don't use lashes when we can't indict someone for a crime. We now optimize chemical incarceration with prescriptions and non-scientific diagnoses to regulate people's psyches.

Women are fed feminism, paid less for their labor, and still expected to maximize motherhood as traditional patriarchal wives.

They got us all fucked up. Y'all better work on eliminating processed foods and sugar, including alcohol because you need cognitive bandwidth to sit with contemplation.

I'm sharing my drafts of a psychic jailbreak, but I need velocity which comes with resonant community. Probiotics, vitamin D3, Iodine, anti-inflammatory, and antioxidant foods and supplements are required for optimum functioning.

Per my experience of being on the iatrogenic genocidal escalator, folks who are on meds, would benefit from learning the natural alternative and weaning off until you eliminate the need with competent guidance and support.

Capitalism is Slavery.

Capitalism is Slavery.

Capitalism is Slavery.

Earth would mollywap us if she didn't feel sorry for our dumb asses.

Sapphic Benediction

I pray the gay to stay—

For this butch will always welcome
dutch, unless I meet a dyke who
got money outta my hike.

I labor my lord to instill a deep
love for biking with our pedals
made of labium— we'd scissor our
way into dessert.

A shared *divine drizzle*
of ecstatic bliss.

May the angels fortify our
appreciation for dandelion root
tea, for a strong liver keeps love
tender.

Civil Suit: Sovereign Zisa Aziza vs. Imperial United States

Due to post-traumatic slave syndrome, I have experienced unquantifiable intracommunal trauma, which began in the womb due to the psychic genocide orchestrated by chattel slavery, cannibalism, rape as sexual breeding, and civilized torture under state-sanctioned Jim Crow, as lynching and arsonistic terrorism.

I have no demands for reparation because the persistent premeditation of systemic annihilation against my humanity seems to negate any performance of contrition.

Therefore, having treated my Stockholm Syndrome and engaged in a temporal detoxification of cognitive dissonance, it is now apparent to me that those who do not originate from **GOD** source will always seek life to extract from.

As I continue to embody this Gnosis, I recognize that language is the substrate for control. Do forgive me if I break grammar, because I am **decentering** death—for my flesh is on lease, but my soul is sovereign.

Psychic Tick: 03

Trauma does not build trust as a bonding mechanism; instead, it weakens the discernment for safety and conflates rumination with realization.

**“When your aura shifts
the tectonic plates of
the ambient colonial
scripts, become a
metaphysician and
observe the activated
dissonance.”**

Psychic Tick: 02

Envy compliments to gain access,
but destruction is the mission.

Psychic Tick: 01

Hot + Cold is not mere avoidance
in response to trauma, but a
parasitic reflex to compromise
your psychic immunity.

Show Your Face

When you are a quantum alpha, these petty hive bitches who execute the colonial commands of their genetic insecurity think they're gonna evict you from your temple.

A lot of these black widow teabags hate melanin. It's not my fault that you are the byproduct of miscegenation. I love all of God's children. I guess you're just a bastard.

Due to payroll, you've become cocky, thinking you can't get clocked. *I told you heifers: those who behave deaf will become mute.*

Be careful of the threat that triggers your self-destruction because glory is a bait, and I author my fate.

Dear Jolly, a Caveat:

Yoga can do so much when you have been enlisted as a practitioner within the Medical Industrial Complex that markets slow murder for profit.

You ain't ask me a thing as I verbally vomited on you as we shared a seat on that uptown express train. But please start mapping your exit plan. Your empathy is sacred, and some light cannot be restored once it is depleted.

My most memorable babysitter was an Italian girl who lived in her family's home across the street from me in Staten Island. I see light, I see soul, I see seeds that must stay hydrated by the divine source.

I had to extricate myself from Social Services because I am unfit to be an administrator of carceral surveillance of systemic poverty. I saw too much. But more consequential, I also knew too much.

You got a quarter in the bucket of life. Do the math.

You can't pay that debt back.
You can't heal in that ER.
You can't get a refund on
your youth.

I believe in Free Will. However, I feel that you are deserving of an enriched life. There's more than one way to skin a cat on a non-toxic yoga mat.

If I had a Daughter Named Nas,

I'd tell her:

You will never know
how precious you are because
your blindspot is time.

You may be meek,
but the wicked are eager to sneak.

Clock your first read,
and don't edit.

Keep the narration
and watch the scene.

Know when to move,
and never explain.

Sobriety will protect you.
Self-love will be a divine firewall.
Solitude will amplify your
cosmic resonance.

Never let folk get too comfy
in your presence.

If your glow triggers a friend,
that's an OPP—cut 'em loose.

Grace is not your mascot.
But clarity is your sword.

*I used to look like Lauryn Hill, too.
Children of Zion are incarnate.
May God keep you covered!*

Back 2 Basics

God is not complicated; Religion is.

God = *breath + integrity.*

Religion = *copyright + coercion.*

Golden Rule **vs.** ~~Do what thou wilt.~~

Rocking the Ship

Birth is a sovereign act that is systemically undermined by the enforcement of imperial containment.

Certification = possession.

→ *Birth certificate = ownership paper*

→ *Psychiatric diagnosis = custody transfer*

→ Copyright = imperial registrar

- **Childbirth** is more than medical—it's metaphysical.
- **Spiritual awakening** is not pathology—it's divine emergence.
- **Immaterial translation** is not a product—it's quantum resonance.

We are baited by hypnosis to consent against our sovereignty. I decry complicity against my divinity.

Liberalism is Soft Sadism

Before we celebrate the Biotech endorsement to self-amputate, can we discuss how the neuroinflammatory cascade of modern society informs gender dysphoria, personality disorders, and metabolic dysfunction?

Endocrine disruptors, mold, heavy metals, parasites, and chronic mineral deficiencies are facilitating the systematized devolution of our species en masse.

I cannot coddle madness.

☞ *Estrogen can feel invasive for the female body. She may not want to be trans, but the body feels unwelcoming because of a*

patriarchal rape culture that exercises ambient violence without pause.

☞ *Before a woman is coerced by despair to forfeit her ovaries, can we discuss how copper IUD's can facilitate endometriosis?*

☞ *Can we collectively inquire what a natural, healthy pheromone smells like and why it is ancestral bluetooth? Genetic and auric compatibility is transmitted through the vectors that shame culture entrains us to dissociate by masking internalized eugenics with incessant trips for Botox and cosmetic surgeries.*

***Your body is not your enemy.
Your body is not your enemy.
Your body is not your enemy.***

But your environment is killing you.

**“In the clown
show that is
Earth, we ought
to boycott the
circus by
grey rocking
institutional
narcissism with
demonstrative
indifference.”**

Structural Conflict of Interest

When the **medical-industrial complex** is **Mob-Murder Incorporated**, seeking health where *progressive death defines the profit margin* is akin to seeking water in a sewer.

Numbered Chiefs

If a woman has to tell you whose blood has bled, in the court of your willful arrogance and structured ignorance, we are standing in a gravesite where you do not know the smell of your own bleeding.

Rest Assured

My Queen,

The *Astral Continuity Forces* have intervened to subdue the etheric stalker in her trap.

Blood magic is slippery, but our love is a sextillion-threaded web tucked into a sliver.

I'll paint glyphs to trace your return, for time will deliver.

Madam Caesar- Soul Eviction

You were always a tease.

**I hereby sever your obsession
from my essence.**

Although we may have shared
a dance in a parallel landscape,
I sing a song for which
you are misattuned.

I'll say this once:

if we ever bore love,
let me go.

You know my flame can sear—
Do not force my hand.

I am both sincere and severe.

-JK 

Nonlinear Bicker

Mary, if I am not your **Hancock**,
could you **evacuate**
my dreamscape?

You buggin' out because I ate
all of the ice cream when
I'm the dessert???

Bye, Grandma. 🙄

Free Will; Self- Programming

What if the **Manchurian
Candidate** hacked their remote,
and became a rogue operative
because divinity was the **only** state
that could be served?

Elite

I'm a sniper in **God's Army**,
where **Truth** is the **target**.

When the snake is transmuted
into a holy rod,
Venom is a divine rebuke.

Earth is the **equalizer**;
Frequency, the **transmitter**.

I don't eat cake,
but pass the applesauce.

The Last Will Be First

Jesus is the **OG** black sheep,
while politicians and CEOs are
preachers' kids who weaponize the
prosperity gospel to creep
dissociation into democratic bids
to aestheticize the anesthetic of
institutional incest, where violence
is status quo and justice is a
phantom.

OG: *Original Gangster/Gnostic*

Meta-Public Health Advisory

The **United Nations** and the **Diagnostic & Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders** exist at opposite ends of an imperial enclosure, from geopolitical to psychospiritual, that patronizes genocide and pathologizes epigenetic adaptations to incessant systemic violence.

I posit that the looming pandemic of industrial society is a **Deficiency in Sentience**, which is the cumulative result of multi-systemic collapse in embodied ethics and coherence, caused by sustained exposure to:

- **EMF frequency distortion** → Electromagnetic pollution: digital-age overstimulation, invisible violence
- **Endocrine disruption** → Hormonal imbalance via plastics, pesticides, stress—cutting us off from somatic wisdom
- **Dopaminergic hijack** → Tech & pharma-driven manipulation of reward systems—leads to addiction, disorientation
- **Gut biome dysregulation** → Microbiome collapse = emotional and cognitive decline (gut-brain axis)

- **Narrative compression** → Chronic trauma state that prevents rest, reflection, and sentient awareness
- **Spiritual fracking** → Violent extraction from soul/source —religious trauma, colonial disinheritance

The only chemical imbalance one could diagnose in our society is the incentivized invasive nature of psychic incoherence.

Patriarchy, Racism, Misogyny, Heterosexism, and Ableism, are ideological frameworks that are inherently sociopathic and inform the schematic blueprint of imperial domination and ecocidal terrorism, which is an ontological

nuclear threat to this planet and temporal dimension.

I thereby administer the Phoenix Protocol.

As Biochemical and Bioelectrical beings:

Detox ➡ least is best.

Decontaminate ➡ sovereignty begins in the psyche.

Disassemble ➡ notion from indoctrination.

The existential imperative for our survival is cosmic. We are seeds in a tree we cannot fathom; we must sprout through the weeds.

Intrusive Ideation: 011

So you know how Nancy Reagan was known for saying: "Just Say No" to drugs? Well, I feel like she was taunting niggas who were being chemically genocided by the CIA.

But for some reason, now that we are in the 21st century, and 60% of Americans are on some type of prescription drug, I feel like we should double back on what Nancy Reagan had said because I think a lot of people are experiencing neurodegenerative issues, and their gut biome appears to be compromised.

I don't think the body agrees with all of these **for-profit** prescriptions because a lot of people seem like they don't know themselves. But you know, **genocide is genocide**. It's all about **branding**, I guess, eh?

Dear Department of Education:

I acknowledge the notice in which my loan default has been declared by your corporation of debt prostitution.

May the record reflect that **Smith College**, an institution that proclaimed to match economically based needs 100%, enrolled me as an Independent Student, due to residing in a group home for the latter three years of my high school education.

Although the independent status should have reflected that a 17-year-old minor enrolling of her own means and volition would have no monetary support, Smith College coerced me into signing

federal loans every year of my attendance.

Therefore, Department of Education, you should direct your loanshark stalking to Smith College.

I will provide a resource to expedite your acquisition:

7 College Lane,
Northampton, MA 01063
413-585-2530
sfs@smith.edu

Furthermore, **Yeshiva University's School of Social Work** dusted me like a nigger they gave no fucks about. Consequently, after requesting support that was never received, I withdrew.

Therefrom, I have no credits, and whatever money you slid into the

coffers of Yeshiva University, you
should collect that at:

500 West 185th Street,
New York, NY 10033
646-592-6250
studentaid@yu.edu

*Although aghast, I have yet to
identify why this national
predation scam was legally
permissible.*

**Fuck the 40 acres and the
mule.**

**Earth is my school, and the
juridical madness must be
overruled.**

Holy Inquiry

If Mary Magdalene was a hoe,
where my bitches at?

My coochie ain't glitch,
this sea wanna sow.

**“Upon this digital
plantation, open
access & non-
commercial
creativity is
fugitivity.”**

Quantum Catering

My poetry is but a menu
for the cosmic retribution
I'm authoring:

The dish will be eternal.

Wood

From rope to paper,
this nation is a soul raper;

Lynching became insidious
because policy makes
genocide mysterious.

Ward

*All weapons formed against me
will transfer command and
capacity unto me;*

*Energy cannot be destroyed,
but it will be amplified
through me.*

Shuffling Liabilities

Within the Ms. Doubtfire sitcom of entropic administrative gang violence, I must oblige my casted role.

Apparently, you can receive a backdated **Abatement Notice** from HPD, with no cessation in rent payments. I'm no Detective, but this reeks of forgery and a coerced attempt to facilitate my constructive eviction from Supportive Housing. Per the state of New York, I am disabled.

Therefore, this third attempt has been quite the quagmire. Forensically speaking, it appears that 311, Housing Preservation and Development, Community League of the Heights, Concord Management of NY, Services for the UnderServed, and Department

of Health and Mental Hygiene are invested in the maintenance of their organized racket of corruption.

RICO is in plain sight because you can't make this shit up.

Most titillating, Zakeeyah Wortham, the S:US **Regional Director** for my residence, chose to break the chain of three-week silence by tripling down on gaslighting me. The gaffe is not her poor syntax and remedial command of the English language, but that she was among the named respondents in my grievance complaint.

Because I am self-employed, I mind my business, but these folks can't conform to procedural adherence because the institutional dysfunction must be in an acute state.

In other news, Sharoya Assent, the **Program Director** who is the antagonist of targeted narcissistic abuse, is being transferred. I guess that's one of the few Christmas gifts. Although my six-month-old grievance complaint was ignored, in October, the fire extinguishers were installed, and the washing machine was repaired—matters I explicitly addressed during the yearlong correspondence with institutional incompetence.

Obviously, stonewalling is what institutions execute with u n m i t i g a t e d confidence. Nevertheless, selective engagement is professionally ironic and ethically indefensible.

411

I ain't no whistleblower.

*I'm the watchtower
translating malignancy into
a tincture for your psyche.*

Temporal Disclaimer

I am not operating within the jurisdiction of **Maritime Law:**

It is my existential prerogative to demolish spiritual plaque as a cosmic prosecutor of consciousness.

For the Massa's tools only conceal violence as process because he writes the rules.

*I do not subscribe to fear,
because my frequency is clear.*

Bureaucratic sorcery is an avalanche I will surf, for truth is my torch.

Payday

I ain't no *Harry Potter*,
but trauma was my cloak.

In the **Art of War**,
lure their hubris to the shore.

Soak the smoke,
and watch them choke.

T-Virus

Because self-hatred is
a psychic autoimmune disorder
that is culturally transmitted,
energetic hygiene embodies
spatial intelligence.

*(I need you niggas away
from my auric field.)*

My Fair Lady

If you not fit
to skinny dip in my soul,

I'mma wonder
if you a cunning troll.

MAGA: Make America Great Again

I feels confident that Pocahontas
rolled tobacco for John Smith
with the American Constitution,
because ain't democracy on fire?

(We a smoked out colony.)

Breach

**Extinction is the prelude
to resurrection.**

**Rebirth is an
interdimensional orgasm.**

*I'mma bust nuts on the
opposition for the grandiose
audacity and its existential
imposition.*

**“Be careful who
you cast as your
enemy, that foe
may be an ally
undercover.”**

Root Causes

I ain't got no beef with my
progenitors, because the crack
epidemic was a chemical
genocide.

Jim Crow was a mechanism
of soul extermination.

From **Tears of the Sun**,
this one made it out.

I'm coming for the empire;
The Devil is a liar!

Fada gif go—

Turn sound into 🔥.

Mourning the Tremors

Because imperial predation is a recursive script embedded in the colonized mind, temporal allegiance requires presence which conflicts with the requisite dissociation of disembodiment, that is the sustained by-product of capitalist conscription.

The **left brain** is compatible with logical algorithms that enable the rationalization of dehumanization; whereas, the **right brain** is oriented to abstraction, holistic integration, and egalitarianism. When **hemispheric synchronization** is embodied, we become defectors of materialist mercenarism.

If you get high and horny when you demean, denigrate, and dismiss the humanity of another,

that's a credit card swipe. You burglarized the soul of another but never inquired about the energetic statement.

The psychic charges incurred by ambient violence render surcharges in the astral plane for which the interest defies the temporal logistics of this singular incarnation.

Mathematics is quantum but you think you can copyright time.

I gag.

“There is no *profit* without *theft*.”

Am I Wrong?

The same reason white people value their pets over their fellow hominids is why industries prefer the dead author, the dead musician, and the dead innovator because being of the same species or being alive to commune, requires parity and consent. And there's nothing better than someone who can't tell you about yourself.



Why else would a woman in a coma, an individual with intellectual disabilities, and a precocious child be the target of sexual predators?

The predator is fixated on the asymmetry of power to indulge sadistic domination.

Grooming is ageless because its orientation is centered on hacking the soul through any vulnerability.

These matters are not dissimilar, simply a spectrum of predation.

Treatise

From the third side of the sun,
I heard my spine cracking,
and I chose to reset my soul.

Our belief system is brokered
against our will; When we source
divinity from within, we enact
neural decolonization directives.

The enticement of parasitic
occupation coerces consent,
thereby absolving clarity,
a requisite for your ascent.

Meditating

If I can hear you, we are the same species. If I am the prototype, who the fuck you yapping at?

I ran out of mercy—
The market was looted by sadism.

If I have to reorganize your throat chakra in the quantum field, it will feel like an amputation.

DOJ

Paddywhack, Paperback
Fuck casserole—BlackJack

Kick these minions off the payroll.

I was born on patrol;
Study my scroll

When sober, you stack vigor.

Institutional predation is maintained
by the deployment of a dual
default method to ensure
containment, which consists
of **Gaslighting** and **Stonewalling**.

**Time is the jury;
Truth ain't forestalling.**

**“If we replace the
pursuit of status
with the
embodiment of
self-regulation,
we may arrive at
world peace
because an
integral soul is
not an acclimated
host for imperial
occupation.”**

**“Guardedness insulates
the vast void of vapidty
by fertilizing the
demineralized
personality that is
designed by imperial
waste products.”**

Substation

Playing with physics
is Russian Roulette.

Love is a quantum shapeshifter,
and she's an ideological grifter.

What I Ain't

An egoic addict.

Therefore:

I ain't pro-black—

*I don't died by friendly fire
a thousand times.*

I am currently under siege by self-loathing social service employees.

Nor am I a feminist—

These bitches be the most polite sadists.

Consequently:
I am a Motherist.

Life is my primordial lover.

A healthy ecosystem requires diversity and coherence that is in synergistic resonance.

*I adore and rebuke
according to frequency.*

Unambiguously:

Many biounits are carriers of hacked malevolent malware.

*Divine sonar detects
sentience with coherence.*

When embodying the deconstruction of colonial racial caste systems, which are scaffolded for economic incarceration, the breath and pulse of life are all that remain.

A true medic cares nothing about the rhetoric of carceral moralism that is defined by the rubric of imperial domination.

A-Team

We train together,
you carry,
I complete.

Vibrational Insuregency

Within this biosynthetic
simulation, we are conducting
a source code recalibration.

The fidelity of your affiliation
is a terminality of this operation.

Post-Tiia

The coordinates are ripe;
My heart is abloom—
I'll touch you soon.

Express Train

A bee met an olive,
where sound became a salve

Time was the knead,
and laughter drew mead

*Olivia, you are most lovable;
protect your luminescence.*

Metrics

What is consent
when ignorance
is the product?

Bodyguard

My Miss Frizzle,

I am indifferent about your
dietary identification.

I fully understand that spiritual
development refines the palate
of our hearts' desired nutrition.

I've been vegan only because
the waters have been tainted.

But fermented fish can be the best dish.

Loyal Executor

Nne,

This world butchered your soul:

*but within me,
God preserved
your blueprint.*

Let Me Get This Right:

Martin Luther King was on the **FBI's Most Wanted List**, when he was alive. But now he has a holiday. And we're always talking about some American Dream that we can't never touch or realize.

Aight, bet.

Alice Walker had to go find **Zora Neale Hurston's** unmarked grave. And then, Zora was able to get her flowers. But who got the proceeds of her royalties? The dead can neither confer nor rescind consent.

Aight, bet.

Ida B. Wells was isolated and pushed out of the **NAACP**, an

organization that she co-founded, and died of kidney issues. But we got **Nikole Hannah-Jones**, who has been awarded and rewarded by every imperial intellectual motherfucking entity in the USA, with a nonprofit under Ida B. Wells' name.

Aight, bet.

We're not even gonna talk about **Jacqueline Woodson** mining black trauma into palatable white delicacies of voyeuristic appetizers, with her **Baldwin For The Arts** nonprofit. *I get it.* We all need to make the money stretch and nonprofits are a money-laundering scheme that's legally authorized.

I get that.

So my question to you:

Do you think **Jesus** was really talking about turning the other cheek, or was my nigga on some fuck these bitches up type-energy? Because I'm seeing a common theme where the empire sanitizes the soul of our warriors and then gives us a distorted placated fucking image with a lullaby to nurse us the fuck to sleep— also money up because we gotta buy and pay for our sedation.

Irrespective of where time goes:

In 1992, at **Mount Carmel** in *Staten Island*, while in pre-k, that genetically compromised melanin-deficient haggard beta-female of a teacher tied me to a chair in the middle of the classroom, and **I bit that bitch.**

For my ancestors.

Let there be no confusion:

I'm **Zisa Aziza**, and I always said:
Fuck This Amerikkka.

Mission:

Infinity does not compute
impossibility; My orders are
drafted with implausibility.

*They thought they were gonna
string me like a nigga who didn't
know she could fly in the dark.*

Who I be? Negress of Saturn.
I'm the **Black Box**, Bitch.

This  wields honey as a **switch**.

Catalytic Mystic

Script: 006

**By birthright, you are
deserving of multilingual
technology to protect both
your soul and its flesh.**

*If your psyche fails to audit and
balance the toil of imperial
captivity, your skin will bear the
ledger, for illness is a shackle
of embodied grievance.*

**“Proximity
without parity
is ripe for
predation.”**

Hypnotic Drift

As I swim in God’s crafted womb,

I know many will be buried
alive in this tomb.

**“I am withholding
decorum from the
disinherited, for
my sovereignty is
not subject to
negotiation.”**

Drill

**Time is a tool of
dispossession;
the imperial weapon of
denied aggression.**

Time is **tense**,
but only in the **now**
can you bear **defense**.

Ineffable Council

I beseech your ordinance:

I am rooted in the eye of the storm, for delivery is nigh.

Orla, I heeded your dare
and have succumbed to love;

This electrician does not
require a glove.

**“Parasitism is
familiar, while
frequency is
primal.”**

The Bureaucratic Lynch Mob

If I am a **Certified Recovery Peer Advocate** in the State of New York, with an active certification, and whilst experiencing administrative harassment and institutional violence, under the direction of **Services for the UnderServed, Concord Management of NY** and with the support of **Housing and Preservation Development**, their employment of persistent stonewalling is not neutral but an exacerbation of the violence I am seeking to mitigate.

Explicitly speaking, I am being lynched by the psychiatric carceral wing of

the Prison Industrial Complex. My name is not Ida Barnett Wells, but I'm passing postcards.

My tale is unoriginal. I've been the Case Manager. I've administered the supervision of urine samples within people's homes. I've heard the tales of displacement. I've observed iatrogenic care and spoke truth in the **OMH** meetings at **Bridging Access to Care**. I've called the **Justice Center**, and gave every detail. I was trained to manage pathology, not to convene with humanity.

These bloated sociopaths have become dissociated from accountability. Because capitalism institutionalizes economic incarceration, their employment insulates them from comprehending the gravity of this reality.

The rights we are told we have by the nature of our citizenship are a branding for psychic conscription into submission.

I am lighting the torch from inside the Massa's Maze.

Our survival is not intended, and our resilience is a threat.

Fuck what you heard, what is your frequency?

Amidst the hyper-novel proliferation of technology, our species has to make an evolutionary jump in consciousness. We are at the tail end of the *Year of the Snake*.

If you have more skin to shed, **get the fuck on with it.**

**We will not survive if we do
not burn the colonies that
have been prefabricated
within our minds.**

*I enjoy clean food, air,
and healthy, accountable
human beings.*

What about you?

Birdie Gon' Talk

- a. Psychiatry is the medicalized colonial adaptation of anthropology.
- b. Scientific missionaries with diagnoses and prescriptions to ensure metabolic eugenics.
- c. Surveillance becomes support and compliance is carceral care.

**“Cinderella is
ablaze, as the
timeline bakes a
maelstrom into
cardamom.”**

The Devil's Details

Because retaliation can seem fictitious, let's review the receipts left within the timeline:

On **July 18th, 2025**, I have an annual inspection. I shared with Inspector Williams my concerns regarding mold and how I needed the air quality tested. He asserts, essentially, that mold can't be tested when it's not visible. He suggested an alternative option that he'd write up the caulk as the concern and that maybe that could be attended to.

I get no paperwork.

On **August 11th, 2025**, when I called 311 I stated that I have a child under the age of six because

my complaints were being ignored.

On **August 20th, 2025**, I submitted my grievance complaint to Services for the Underserved. A week later, I am told that **Gail Wolsk**, *Senior Director of DOHMH* will address my complaint, per my third-party request.

On **August 22nd, 2025**, two HPD Inspectors show up unannounced for my mold complaint. I am informed that they don't do mold testing. Inspector Stubbs stated I'd have to call 311 and ask for a different agency to test for mold. That HPD doesn't test for mold.

I asked Inspector Stubbs what he'd write up because Inspector Williams did not send a report in the mail.

Stubbs refused to confirm what he documented for the report.

On **October 4th, 2025**, two male HPD Inspectors knock on my door. I received no notice. I am informed that the building management, Concord Management of NY, told them to inspect my apartment. I have not sent any repair requests to Concord Management of New York in the year 2025.

I received the abatement letter on **October 25th, 2025**, which stated that my apartment went into abatement on September 1st because I failed the HQS inspection on **July 18th, 2025**.

On **November 17th, 2025**, Peer Specialist Nakida Marryshow

informs me by email that DOHMH
told S:US that I am considering
relocation.

**T h e r e a r e t o o m a n y
p o i s o n o u s s n a k e s o n
p a y r o l l ; I Y i e l d F i r e .**

Countdown

I'm looking for the wizard:

Maybe I'll find him when I'm
summoned to Housing Court?

Elphaba was born ready.

MY Miss Frizzle

**Why you stirring
my waterfall?**

*If this is protocol,
I am enthralled!*

**“As a biophiliac, I
am stimulated by
p r e d a t i o n :
holiness marries
horniness.”**

Embedded Dissident

In these hollow courts of colonial
sorcery, I'm defending my
dissertation by invocation.

Don't worry about my
confederation; Learn my
constellation, and metabolize the
proclamation.

**“Turn your haters
into anti-aging
cream; Stay lean,
and let God’s
glory beam.”**

Battlement

Because my mother chose
not to have a fifth abortion:

Volition is my Ammunition.

Systemic attrition is lead
for the alchemist;

I am a dynamic protagonist.

Forensic Recap: Autoethnographic Medical Apartheid

In August of 2024, **Rocio Frias**, the **Property Manager** employed by **Concord Management of NY**, had a contract worker attempt to install new floor tiles on top of old tiles, in an apartment that I've resided in for 11 years.

When I objected to this, as the two non-English speaking men who seemed to lack any iota of professionalism were begrudged, and were seemingly exhibiting a hissy fit, they began using screwdrivers to remove my tiles.

Presumably, they came with no intention of doing reasonable

work. Per my objection to substandard floor renovation, I was able to get my floors properly reinstalled by a different contractor.

However, since August of 2024, Rocio Frias has become nonresponsive to any of my multiple outreaches.

Concurrently, **Sharoya Assent**, LMSW **Program Director**, who is employed by **Services for the Underserved**, threatened me for restating my boundaries for about the fifth time over the course of a year because I refused to submit to her dysregulated tyranny. Although I sought a resolution by addressing my concerns to the executive leadership at Services for the Underserved in August of 2024, no one responded to my email.

Since August of 2024, my quality of life in this residence has deteriorated precipitously.

If my self-advocacy — supported by **S:US** policy and state-sanctioned building codes — was met with escalating retaliation that has now culminated in an Abatement Notice issued by **Gail Wolsk**, a **Senior Director** at **DOHMH**, in response to my grievance complaint (through the proxy of **HPD**), then:

I have to wonder how commonplace this practice of inter-agency collusion to harm disabled people who lack the capacity and resources to understand the institutionalized violence that has been retrofitted to facilitate their decompensation, destabilization, and displacement.

Moreover:

If I submitted my grievance complaint on June 2nd, 2025 — to civil.rights@ag.ny.gov, policy@chr.ny.gov, [145](mailto:tenantprotection@cityh</i></p></div><div data-bbox=)

all.ny.gov, info@metcouncilonhousing.org, and **Joselinne Minaya**, the Director of the District Attorney's Office in Washington Heights, — and I am now six months into **an orchestrated cycle** of non-response, deflection, and dismissal, then I must ask:

Is my survival a liability that multiple agencies are systemically incentivized to erase through silence by attrition?

If protection cannot be enacted without penalization, then is our compliance hypnotically induced?

Intrinsic

Envy is insidious and lethal.

When your authority is divinely sourced, you are an endangered species.

**“If folk could wear
y o u r s k i n , t h e y
would; Don’t let grace
be misunderstood.”**

Cursed Covenants

When the lineage is tainted,
treason is of the blood.

To the fire; no more flood.

Freelance Ghostbuster

If **Gail Wolsk**, a **Senior Director at DOHMH**, *chose* to respond to my grievance compliant with an **Abatement Notice**, and thereby informed **Services for the Underserved** that I was considering relocation, would it be fair to assume:

1. My 311 calls between January and May of 2025, three of which pertained to chemical harassment by a neighbor, were not being addressed by CLOTH, Concord Management, and Services for the Underserved; however, the complaints were closed

by **John Goodrich**, CEO of CLOTH, within 12 to 30 hours without contacting me because I was targeted for destabilization.

2. When I submitted my initial grievance complaint on June 2nd, 2025, to **HPD**, which has never been addressed, and then suddenly, on June 26th, after 12 years of tenancy, I was bombarded with an urgent request for inert documentation to engineer the revocation of my subsidy.
3. And then lastly, how do I have an **Abatement Notice** when I haven't requested a single repair in my functional apartment this year? However, the 311 calls I made, between June and August, regarding mold

testing have never been addressed.

Is this a conspiracy?

Or is a psychiatric diagnosis a RAP sheet, and Social Workers are correctional officers of social service recipients who enforce domination with carceral intimacy as their badge?

**“Chivalry is
polite control.”**

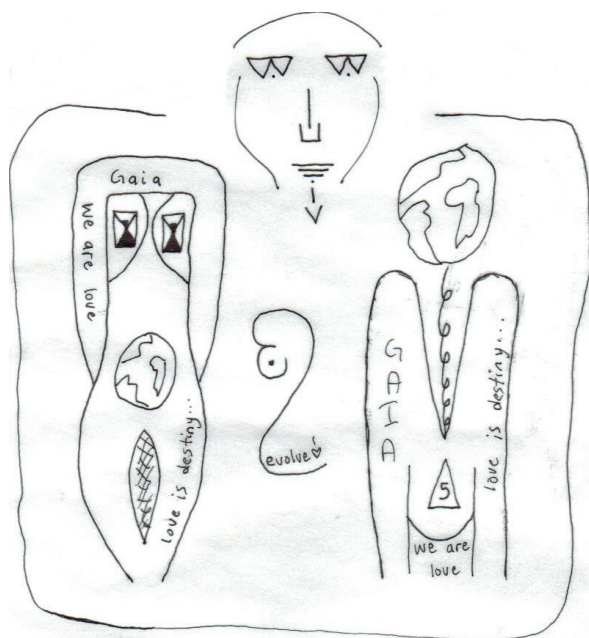
Roll Calling

No **Child of God**
Will be Left behind.

Don't Let Go

Stony made it out:

Set It Off,
let the truth sprout.



HERE WE GO;
SIMON WAS A LIAR.

